

Eusebia Triumphans.

C A R M E N
HANOVERANIS
Imperiali Coronæ
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
SUCCESSORIBUS

Dicatum

Auctore Elkanah Settle.

Londini Anno MDCCXI.

Eusebia Triumphans.

C A R M E N
HANOVERANIS
Imperiali Coronæ
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
SUCCESSORIBUS

Dicatum

Auctore Elkanah Settle.

Londini Anno MDCCXI.

Eusebia Triumphans.

THE
HANOVER
SUCCESSION
TO THE
Imperial CROWN
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.
AN
Heroick POEM.

Pro Aris & Focis.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author in the Year, MDCCXI.

TO THE
Lords and Commons
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

Gentlemen,

THE Divine Harmony betwixt the Sacred Voice of MAJESTY from the THRONE, and the cheerful Returns of Loyalty from Her Addressing GREAT COUNCIL, must give every Honest Heart no common Transports of Joy from such Grateful Musick. And considering, for the Delivery of those Oracles, the Tongue on either side was touch'd with a Coal from the same Altar, well may the Eyes of the World look up to the Great Work in View from those Plans of Glory You have now laid before You, and give themselves the Pleasure of no ways doubting to meet their answer'd Expectations from You. Nor with any less Reason does Her MAJESTY repose so entire a Confidence in the Duteous Affections of such a National Representative, as well knowing that no Gordian binds so fast as a Religious One. You Kneel to Her with so much the warmer Devotion, because You Kneel with Her.

And as She has been pleas'd to lay down the necessary Qualifications to attain Her Gracious Smiles,



To the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain.
*Smiles, by Her declared Choice of no other Hands
for Trust or Authority about Her, but the True De-
votes to the Establish'd SUCCESSION to Her
Crown in the Illustrious House of HANOVER;
You Worthy PATRIOTS have resolved to bid
Highest for Royal Favourites, by Your peculiar
Recommendatory MERIT in that Great Cause.
And indeed the Handing down a ROYAL Pro-
testant Descent, secured to latest Posterity, ap-
pears so inestimable a Blessing, that our Yearly
Millions are truly and properly laid out in that
Purchase. For as strenuously and as generously as
We Champion for the Liberties of EUROPE
in reducing the scourg'd Ambition of France to
Reason, still it all centers in that naturally dearest
and nearest Interest Self Preservation. The
Dread BRITANNIA in all her Battles uplifts
her avenging Arme like that of St. MICHAEL:
She Fights in the Cause of Heaven, viz. in
the Defence of her own Holy Religion, by fixing
and rooting her unshaken Altars to the End of the
World. Nay to say Truth, both the UNION of
our Kingdoms at Home, and our Alliances Abroad,
tend all to this Great End: And whilst Your own
Active Zeal has Resolved to make the most Effe-
ctual and most Expedition Dispatcb in supplying the
necessary Nerves of War to set out our British
HEROES to New Feilds of Laurel, the very
CROSS in their Standard displays their Com-
mission, In hoc signo vincite.*

The P R E F A C E.

BEFORE we enter into so beautiful a Prospect as that of the great Theme before us, give us leave to make a short stop in the Portico, to cast a look on a few unbending Knees amongst us, an unbelieving Race, if not too wilfully, at least too unreasonably blind, to the Glory of this SUCCESSION; not that their Numbers or their Power are worth a Thought; nor would we make so poor a Digression from the Exalted Subject we have undertaken, to descend to converse with Discontents and Murmurs; any otherwise than that, though the Snarles of Malice and Prejudice are the Objects of our Scorn; however those of Perswasion and Principle ought to move our Pity: And as such, 'tis in Tenderness for the Conversion of this last Infidelity, we would humbly offer a little Light of Reason, for dispelling the Mist before them.

These Malecontents found their unhappy Dissent against this Establishment, on a too reigning Tenent among 'em, viz. That the next Heir of an Hereditary Monarchy claims by a Right Divine, so absolutely unfringible by all Humane Ordination, Power, or Authority, on any pretence whatever; that let the Prospect of the Administration from the next Lineal Successor be more dreadful than our very Fears can paint it; however bound by that Evangelical Precept, *That we must not do Ill, that Good may come of it*; they make it a matter of Conscience to promote his Accession to the Throne not only by their warmest Wishes and Prayers, but by the utmost Endeavours and Studies of their Lives; while the transports of Zeal ev'n hurry them so far, that they rejoyce at every Wound made in the Sides of their Bleeding Country; sing *Te Deum* at every Triumph of our Enemies; nay, want nothing less than the whole Necks of Enslaved *Europe* under the Feet of *France*, and all to enable her to mount their young Hopes at *St. Germans* into the Throne of *England*.

As this ponderous Weight of Conscience sets all these rapid Wheels a driving; to Examine therefore the
Strength

The P R E F A C E.

Strength of this main Article of their Faith, we shall first refer them even to their own great Idol of *France*, their present best darling for no other Merit then being the greatest Enemy to the *HANOVER Succession*; and desire 'em to recollect, that ev'n He, their own *Lewis* himself, holds his own Imperial Crown by the very same Tenure, *An Act of Settlement*.

The great Founders of the *Salick-Law* were so far from mounting their succeeding Monarchs by this *Jure divino*; that on the contrary they foreclosed the whole Birthright of the Daughters of *France*, to the end of the World; who otherwise in a Hereditary Succession, by the claim of Nature, in case of Failure of the Male-Line, are equally entituled to the Right of Inheritance; and all for no other State Reason, then the meer Shadow of a popular Fear, of effeminating the Warlike *Gauls* under a Female Regency, &c. A Shadow indeed! ay, and *Lewis* himself has prov'd it such: For wherein lies the Defect of a Female Hand in wielding a Scepter? 'Tis true, she cannot, upon occasion, lead Armies, however, she may keep those that can. A *Deborah* may have a Soul as great as a *Jephtha*; and a *Semiramis* an Ambition equal to an *Alexander*. Nay, this very same *Lewis* that has been forty Years in Wars, and yet never draws Sword, might have equally atcheived his every individual Conquest, worn all the same Laurels, and reign'd the very same Disturber of the World, had his cold-blooded Father's twenty Years Expectation been only blest with a Petticoat *Deodote* for his Successor. If therefore the Law-makers of *France*, for their National Safety, are allowed to exclude their Female Descendants, only to fence against a Fantom; does not our Provision from the same motive of Safety, carry infinitely stronger Reason and Justice with it, in shielding against our more substantial Danger, by the Exclusion of our *Romish Heirs*, so notoriously destructive to the present constitution of *England*. Nay, as our Murmurers are as fond of the Branch as the Root, no less passionately devoted to the present *Philip* of *Spain*, then to his Grandfather: If they are so warm
in

The P R E F A C E.

in the Justification of the late Disposall of the *Spanish* Crown by the bare last Will of a dying crazed King (supposing no worse Play) and yet so implacable against the Settlement of an *English* Succession, establish't both by King and People in their sober sound Senses, the whole national Wisdom together; quere, whether our Frenchified Zealots are not a Kin to that perverse Generation, that swallow the Camel and strain at the Gnat.

If this unalienable Right of Blood stood founded on all this unmovable Basis of Divinity, 'tis certainly a matter of no little wonder to reflect, that in so important a Structure as the whole Government and Regulation of humane Society, the Preservation of Mankind being undoubtedly God's second great Work, next to his Creation of them, and all so highly depending on the Regal Administration of Power; the whole Divine Records should be so silent on that Subject, as to leave us not the least hint of a Divine Command for the Establishment of any such unalterable Succession of Kings. No, we are so far from finding any Divine Precepts for the Confirmation of so indispensable a Lineal Right, that we have Precedents ev'n from God himself of his own Dispensation to the contrary, when the very second anointed Monarch over his own darling People, was a *David*, not a *Jonathan*. Nay, the very Preservation ev'n of the Prerogative of God Himself seems to enforce the necessity of a dispensing Power sometimes to set aside the Lineal Claim of Royal Veins: For this extravagant supposition of Imperial Right of Inheritance lying under no humane Check nor Controul, exposes Mankind to that naked and defenseless State, that they stand obliged to throw open their very doors to let in their own Destruction; whilst the next Heir, upon this uncontrollable Presumption of Right, thereby absolutely secure and utterly fearless of Dispossession, stands free to imbibe all the most pernicious Principles, and from thence to give a loose to every exorbitant Lust of Power that shall prompt him to break in upon the whole Right of the People, and the whole Frame of Government, in Gratification to that Lust. Thus what does this chimerical Notion of unalterable

Suc-

The PREFACE.

Succession amount to less, then that the Almighty Founder of Order and Harmony, that sets up Kings, as the supreme Ministers of Justice and Nursing Fathers to their People, his own Viceregents, and ev'n the nearest Image of himself; is here supposed to convey down to Crown'd Heads that unaccountable Divine Right, a pure Emanation from himself, as shall destroy his own intended Fabrick of Majesty, to the utter defacing of his own true Image, whenever the headlong Administration of Oppression and Tyranny shall think fit to obliterate the whole Lineaments of the Divinity.

If these overnice Scrupulists want a Lawful Bar to the Succession: What do they think of *Ideotism* or *Lunacy*? If a Natural Incapacity of Regal Administration in such a case may justly exclude a next Heir; shall not a Political one equally warrant an Exclusion. If the whole Community, for the publick Preservation, may with Justice refuse the Reins of an Establish'd Government, to a Hand too weak to hold them, are they such Criminals in denying them to the Hand that will tear 'em to pieces; the Depravity of right Reason being unquestionably more dreadful at the Helm of Power then the Deprivation of it. We tremble before a Reigning *Nero*, when we pity a grazing *Nebuchadnezzar*; the Brutality of the first being infinitely more terrible then that of the last.

If the legal Possessor of the Crown in concurrence with a whole Kingdom cannot divert the Descent from the next of Blood without a manifest Violation of a Right, derived all from God; then under the same Obligation of Justice, as they cannot divest him of the Crown, neither can they strip a Jewel from it: 'Tis Robbery to pillage a Portico; and 'tis but Robbery to ransack a whole Pallace. And what's the dismal Consequence of this Position, but that every Branch of the present *English* Liberties, obtained in Favour of the Subject, by the least retrenchment from the Original exorbitant Power of Majesty, some of them the dear bought Purchase of *English* Blood, and all of them the most solemn Establishment of the whole Legislative Authority; are only a waste-paper Bundle of Records

The PREFACE.

that expired with the Generation that made them; For the Possessor cannot bind the Successour. Thus by one single Blast from the Mouth of *Divine Right*, the whole Humane Oracles from *St. Stephen's Chappel* are as utterly confounded as the Languages at *Babel*. Nay, from this Hypothesis of Government, we may very reasonably ask, Whether a Romish Successor, holding by no humane Tenure, but mounting purely by this *Jure Divino*, may not pretend to the Re-establishment of Popery, even by a Legal and unquestionable Branch of his own hereditary Prerogative; the Protection and Patronage of his own Old Mother-Church being undoubtedly the native Claim of his Royal Predecessours: And consequently in restoring of Popery ev'n to her highest Glory and Authority, he only resumes an Imperial Plume so long and so injuriously clipt from the Crest of his Ancestors. And if the warm Zealots for this exotick Scheme of Right, are for handing a Romanist to the Throne as owing his Succession wholly to a Title from God, and not at all from Man; they need not fear but where his whole Obligation lies, his whole gratitude will be paid; and how paid, our trembling Altars and Liberties may very easily, and indeed but too dreadfully apprehend.

To expose the yet greater Absurdities of this model of *Divine Right*, so absolutely above the Power of any Humane Limitations, we need no more then trace Hereditary Governments up to their Original. Here we find, that it has so pleas'd the great Dispenser, that all Nations whatever have had (more or less) their various Revolutions, insomuch that the present Hereditary Monarchies now in the World have all their visible, some an Elder and some a more Modern, Rise and Foundation. When then, and where must this suppos'd lineal Right commence? Not earlier than the first Royal Veins, from whence it springs. For the chimerical Supposition of an inherent Right of Monarchical Succession antecedent to the Monarchy it self, is an expresse contradiction to common Sense; ev'n more ridiculous, then the Existence of Form and Accidents before Matter and Substance.

The P R E F A C E.

Now as these Revolutions of Monarchy are generally the Acquisition of *Conquest*, all from the Humane Arm of Power: For whether attain'd by a more easie or forcible Entry, with a voluntary Submission or compulsive Subjection of the People: Whether the new Lords are mounted into the Saddle by Foreign or Domestick Hands; 'tis much the same: All but the Work of Power. Here then to give a little farther Light into the Merit of this Divine Right of Succession, we ought first to examine this Original Basis of it, *Conquest*; possibly a very muddy Fountain Head, how clear soever the descending Current from it may run, as being too often acquired by Invasion and Rapine, and all the irregular Violences of Ambition; nay, sometimes by downright Rebellion: However whether supported by a just or an unjust Cause; that's no Bar to its Title; 'tis sufficient its Reputation stands justified by *Success*, the Smiles of which like those of the Sun shine as well on the unrighteous as the righteous. If then a crown'd Conqueror, though by trampling o'er all that's sacred; perhaps by the utter Abolition and Extinction of that undisputable Right that possibly has been derived down through a long successive Reign of Ages to the former, now conquered, and for ever dispossess'd, Royal Veins; dismounted too, by no other Demerit or Forfeiture then the bare weakness of an Arm, and shortness of a Sword: If this crown'd Conquerour, I say, tho' by the worst of all these Accessions to Empire shall set up a new Right, ay a Divine one too, convey'd down to his own Lineal Veins, and establish'd by no less a Sanction then that of the Universal *Law of Nations*, and consequently confirmed and recognized by the whole Voice of the World; (for such is the Claim of *Conquest*) shall then this sanguinary Foundation and Structure of Monarchy stand so upright in the Eyes of all Mankind; and on the other side, shall not the unanimous and sedate Decrees of a whole Government with infinitely more Honour and Justice make that more innocent Breach into the lineal Descent of Kings, not by dissolving, but only taking out a broken Link from the Chain of Succession, by setting aside an expectant Heir of a Crown, utterly unqualified for the Regal Administration. If

The PREFACE.

If Monarchy is a Fabrick all built in a day; which though never so hastily or irregularly rais'd, however must never admit of any Variation or Alteration, whilst the first Founders are supposed to stamp that sacred and inviolable Right of Succession, on the descendant Veins of Majesty, that the profane Hands both of King and People for succeeding Ages, must not dare to touch; what's all this but exalting one single Generation of Men, up to a conclave of Gods, issuing forth nothing less then Divine and immutable Decrees; and at the same time debasing their descending Race beneath them only to an Inferiour Class of meer impotent Mortals, who upon their least Presumption of altering the Celestial Edicts of their Almighty Original (tho under the most threatening Danger, and the most pressing Necessity of self Preservation) are immediately stigmatized with no less a Brand then that of downright Rebellion, against the Godhead of their Great Grandfathers.

In this fair Scrutiny into the Original of Monarchy, as much as the Handy-work of Humane Pow'r may contribute to its Creation, we wou'd not be thought guilty of any Design of Disrobing it of the smallest Native Plume, or least Assumption of Divinity, that either the Character or Right of crown'd Heads can Challenge: We hope we shall not stand charged with diminishing the least Ray that circles an Imperial Brow for only tracing it up to the Fount of Light from whence it springs.

Sovereignty made its great Entry much like that of *Marriage*, both equally of *Divine Institution*; one, the Ordinance of God for the Peopling; and the other, for the governing the World. And truly whether we look up to the Sublimar Inauguration of the proudest Royal Hand that espouses a Kingdom, or down to the poorest Rural one that weds a Wife; still we shall find that the Bonds of *Sovereign* and *Subject*, like those of *Bridegroom* and *Bride*, have much the same Induction.

For whether the *King* or *Husband* on one side seals his Solemn Vows and Oaths to *maintain and cherish*; or the *Subject* or *Wife* on the other, to *love honour and obey*; still 'tis all but Humane Inclination Convenience and Interest that brings the kind Couple; together, the pre-

The PREFACE.

previous grand Union of Hearts the meer Dictates of Flesh and Blood: Tis the Religious and sacred Knot that joyns the Hands, the *plighted Faith* only that gives it the Sanction of *Divinity*. Tis thus the bending Knees and devoted Hearts erect the Throne of Majesty, whilst the whole Glory of Kings from hence only receives its Consecration. And tis from hence the crown'd Head is enstall'd the Anointed Vicegerent of God. And as from this Introduction he holds by a Divine Tenure; so the Establisht Heir, from the same Preengagement of our sworn Faith and Obedience, claims by a Divine Right of Inheritance; whilst the Univerſal *Vox populi* (for that of King and People together is undeniably ſuch) is the true *Vox Dei* that calls him the Rightful Succeſſour to the Throne. And tis thus a *King never Dyes*; whilst this Precontract of Allegiance, our publick Oaths of Fidelity to his Establisht Succeſſion, ſo confirms the deſcending Right, that the Ceremony of Coronation is little more than an Honourary piece of Formality.

The numerous Arguments on this Subject would ſwell too large for the narrow compaſs of a Preface; we ſhall therefore conclude, by making the Romiſh Pretenders of nearer Blood to the Crown, aggrieved by this *Act of Settlement*, ev'n their own Judges, whether with right Reason they can think themſelves truly injur'd by this Excluſion. By asking them, whether they don't believe, that any of the preſent Romiſh Hereditary Monarchies of *Europe*, making the Paralel Caſe the ſame on their ſide) ſuppoſing a Proteſtant Heir amongſt them, equally animated by a Principle of *Divine Merit* to trample all humane Obligations under foot, and harden'd to the running all Hazards for the breaking down the whole Ramparts of their Religion and Liberties; would not make the ſame Proviſion for the Defence of their Altars, as we have done for ours, by the very ſame Excluſion.

Ay, and all that too ſo far from a Violation of the Divine Right of Lineal Deſcent, that undoubtedly their own great Oracle at *Rome*, the Voice of *Infallibility* itſelf, would, on the quite contrary, give the Cauſe on the Excluders ſide: Nay poſſibly be as hearty in his holy Fulminations againſt ſuch a Succeſſour's Acceſſion to a Throne, as ever one of his famous Predeceſſors Pope *Pius Quintus* was, for diſmounting a Queen *Elizabeth* from a Throne.

S U C C E S S I O.

I M M E N S I *suprà Myrias cùm subdita Regni*
Æ T E R N U M, *æterno cantûque genûque colendum,*
Nec fessa, agnôrant ; Infinitum, heu nimis arctum
N U M I N I S *Imperium, geminato pondere Cæli*
Limnibusque novis extendere, Diva Voluntas,
Tanta scabella D E I, posuit fundamina Mundi.
Sexta Dies en vidit opus ; Vox sola laborem
Hæc fabra perfecit. Totum omnibus Esto dat esse.
Sic Solem accendit, qui Lucis grandior Orbis
Et Terris Astrisque benignè accommodat ignes,
E t e r n æ L U C I S *famulus, lumenque ministrum.*

Exstructum Omnipotens nunc Conditor Æthera vidit
Expansumque, Throni Confinia splendida, Mundum.
Dumque ignita polus tot millia Lumina volvit ;
Centralemque globum tam vastè Circulus ambit,
Quò non resplendens operosi machina Cæli :
Heu tamen iste Labor primorum quinque dierum
Uni tota patet sexto subscrivula moles.
Numinis hic Prorex, HOMO, vendicat Astra polosque.
Huic datur extensis, haud plus quàm tegmine, Cælis,
Infima subjectas calcare pedulia Terras.

Hæc Ditio, hic Dominus dum sic stetit, undique Imago
Maxime, magna, Deus, tua jam diffusa per Orbem,
Floruit Humani Generis divina Propago :
Stemmata tot radice unâ deducta paternâ.
Dumque hinc Naturæ Dominatio ; tanta pateſcunt
Humane sobolis patrimonîa : Ceu vagus Ignis *Ille*

The S U C C E S S I O N.

WHEN' midst the Myriads of his Angel Train
The Great IMMORTAL in his boundless
(Reign,

T'increase his Subjects and enlarge his Sway,
Foundations of new *Worlds* was pleas'd to lay;
His vast *Creation* Foot-stool fram'd beneath;
His six Days Work, the Labour of a Breath;
He lighted up the SUN, a menial Ray
To his Original Everlasting DAY.

Here the great ARCHITECT, all pleas'd look'd down
To see this beauteous Outwork to his Throne:
The whole expanded Pile adorn'd so bright,
With Thousand and ten Thousand Orbs of Light.
With this vast Circle round the central Ball,
In that fair Mould the bright Creation cast;
Yet still his whole first five Days Labours, all,
Were only fram'd for Vassals to the Last,
His own great Viceroy, MAN; the Heav'ns no more
Then his high Roof, and Earth his humble Floor.

Such the Dominion, such the Regent Head,
Th' Almighty FOUNDER saw his Image spread;
A multiplying Race, the lovely Fruit,
All richly sprung from one paternal Root.
Such the vast Sovereign Birthright of Mankind,
For Nature's Universal Lord design'd;

The

*Ille Diem irradians ; vel flamma minuta per umbras
 Scintillans ; longovolvuntur Sydera cursu :
 Cum totâ Annorum Tempestatumque phalange
 Huic soli Præfecto inservitura rotantur.
 Gloria tanta Homini, tantâque ab Origine nato,
 Musica Spherarum cui concinit alta Triumphum,
 Nil mirum est, elatum ANIMA cùm pectus anhelet.
 Huic datur exanimis moles, Dominoque ministrat,
 Quem MENS, quem RATIO, spirans divinius, inflat.*

*Cùm tam munificè dederat Deus omnia, (verè
 Omnia, se dederat: Mens est cælestis Origo,
 Subjectæ divusque Vicarius incola Terræ)
 Dumque Homa, Cura Dei, dilectum Nomen, Honores
 Tot tantosque refert, ornatque hæc Gratia pectus;
 Humano ut quid adhuc Divinius emicet ore,
 Amplius hoc homini donavit Numen, Obedi.
 Ob quid Obedire, hoc munus cælestius, affert?
 Quò Mens evebitur ! Quid non Anima ambiat ! Altè
 Tam lateque volat nimis expatiata Voluntas ;
 Nil nisi Lex rapidas Regimenque coerceat alas:
 Harmonia hinc orta est, Ordoque, Ligamina Mundi.
 Plusquam Pierios Fontes Deus hinc dedit Astris ;
 Hinc Chorus Aternus, resonantia gaudia Gæli.
 Cælicolis quid Stella, Coronaque ? Maxima Divûm
 Gloria Obedire est: Hinc, Angele, sumis honorem.*

*Utque tuis, sursum REGIMEN diviniûs ortum,
 Cardinibus moveant, Orbis non conditus, ille
 Heu longè ante Orbes ; Palatiaque alta Columnis
 Plusquam Sydereis ; (Deus hic videt Astra deorsum :)
 Grandius*

The Fires that gild the Day, and deck the Night,
 With their whole Train of Seasons, Days and Years^a
 All their whole Hierarchy his ministring Light;
 For him they dance their round, and tune their
 Nor wonder MAN that native Glory claim'd; (Spheres.
 He wore a S O U L: His Breast so richly stor'd;
 Justly th' inanimate Creation fram'd
 A Homager t' Imperial REASON's Lord.

The great DISPENSE R when he thus decreed
 For Man the whole great All (the All indeed!
 The GOD himself he gave; all Heav'nly born
 The Graces which the Human Breast adorn;)
 What tho' so num'rous, and so large his Grants,
 Man in a Tributary World he plants;
 His Lordly Creature still new Grandeur wants.
 For tho' thus born to this exalted Sway,
 To make him Greater still, he must *Obey*.
 Unbounded *Will*, Man's too expanded Mind,
 The Fence of Laws and Government must bind.
 Order and Harmony from Obedience sprung;
 Obedience tuned the Everlasting Song.
 The whole bright Choir their duteous homage pay; }
 Their Crowns of Stars but half their Beams display: }
 The high'st Angelick Glory's to obey.

IF GOVERNMENT's the Standart Rule above,
 His own High'r Heav'ns on her blest Hinges move;
 Heav'ns long before Creation work begun;
 The Throne whence God looks down on Stars and Sun;
 E What

*Grandius haud poterat Prudentia Diva, supernum
 Quàm posuisse suum Exemplar, totasque regendas
 Ex solo statuisse suo moderamine Terras—
 Si modò mandantem datur omnibus edere vocem,
 Nemine parenti mandatis—Vana chimæra!
 Nec foret Imperii chaos hoc celestis origo.
 Horrida deformes ubi prodit Anarchia vultus,
 Nil habet ista Dei, effigies inversa Deorum.
 Sic ergo ut Superis, ex hoc tutamine fulto,
 Decretum est, Suprema Potestas imperet Orbi;
 Quid si picta Dei sit forma minutior ore
 Humano; ut Radio majore nitesceret Umbra,
 Archetypum excudit, toto de Numine, R E G E M.*

*Imò ita mundanum instituit moderamen ad instar
 Divini Solii: Nauarchusque unicus adsit
 Clavo Regnorum: Caput Imperiale coruscat
 Cum tam grandis Honos; hinc Centibus undique latis;
 Ludere sub Radiis datur, & dormire sub Umbra.
 Tanta dat Imperium: Quid non? Hinc omnia; ab illo
 Gloria, Paxque, Salusque est Emanatio Fonte.
 Sub Duce Cœlesti sic viderat Israel olim,
 Aequo Præsidio, Miro majore beatus,
 (En nubem te das LUX sempiterna; tuisque
 Quid non das?) præ se progressum umbratile Numen;
 Et tutelarem flammantem nocte Columnam.*

*Dum Regimen, sacrum Caput illum, tanta coronant
 Lumina; Diva Salus, ut tota Creatio faustis
 Auspiciis late moveat, Terrisque beandis,
 Divisum Sceptris dedit Imperialibus Orbem.*

Hinc

What nobler Frame cou'd the All-wise design,
Than that th' Oeconomy below shou'd shine
A Copy from th' Original Divine!

All to command, and be obey'd by none,
Bears Contradiction in the Name alone:
Nor were that Sway a Copy from his own.

When *Anarchie's* wild Visage looks abroad,
'Tis not the Picture, but Reverse of God.

Thus then resolv'd to fix Commanding Pow'r,
Tho' Man his own fair Miniature before;
More near the Life his own great Draught to bring,
He moulded from the GOD, and stamp't the KING.

Yes, here he model'd from his own High Reign.
One Pilot-hand must the great Helm sustain.

By that bright Hand protected Nations sway'd,
'Tis in his Beams they bask; sleep in his Shade.

Peace, Safety, Glory; our whole Blessings shine,
All Emanations from that Source Divine.

So th' Heavenly Guide did wandring *Israel* bless,
(Alike the Guardians, tho' the Wonder less)

By Day their screening Umbrage; and by Night
Their tutelary Pillar's Leading Light.

As *Government* does these bright Beams disperse;
The spacious Round of the wide Universe,
All Canton'd out into *Imperial* Hands,
Society on this Foundation stands;

Britan-

*Hinc si sint Gentes sociandæ ; hinc fœdera Mundi ;
Euge, beata, tuum, dic quale, Britannia, Sceptrum.
Dic quænam Astra regunt Borealia Sydera ; Currum
Quinam Auriga tenet ; Vestri quæ Lora Bootæ ?*

“ Summa Coronarum LEX Gemma ; a Lege ligante

“ Obsequii Vinculum ; petit hinc munimina Virtus :

“ Lex Propugnatrix Fideique dolique flagellum :

“ Justitiæ lances tuas ; tua, Sanctio Juris.

“ Lex lux Naturæ : Aatio hinc Oracula pandit :

“ Hinc oritur socialis Amor, culturaque Morum.

“ Barbariem lenire tuum est ; pacare furorem.

“ Pectora si quid habent humana humanius, à te

“ Vidimus effrænes animos, rabiemque domatos.

“ Panduntur portus ? Distendunt carbasa venti ?

“ Lege pererrati stant hospita limina Mundi.

“ A Lege Imperium ; tua, Regni lora ; deditque

“ Ipse Deus Primum se. Mobile, teque secundum. —

“ Deliciæ, Decus, & Tutela, hæc incola muris

“ Esto tuis : En Forma venusta, venustior Ortus ;

“ Luxurians non stemma Trooni ; non Embryo raptim

“ Prægnanti Ambitui : Tua diva Creatio sola est :

“ Hic Populus fundat Legem, plebesque Britannia

“ Regia sancire est, sancitæ subdita Legi.

“ Ex his fausta bonis Geniis, hinc protegis Arva,

“ Protegis hinc Aras. .Ter fœlix Anglia, cui sint

“ Unio, Libertas, Jus, tot tantique Penates.

“ Imperii auratas has detur stare Columnas ;

“ Cum tibi fabra manus, tua vincla Monilia sunt.

*Hic Honor, utque hæc sint Munimina, Terra beata,
Quid desit votis ; ultraque quid amplius optes! Imò*

Britannia, say, With what Auspicious Reign
Dost thou thy Sovereign Orb of Pow'r sustain;
What smiling Aspects drive thy *Northern Wain*?

“LAW, the Crown's fairest Gem; Obedience
“Securest Cement; Vertu's best Defence;
“Truth's Champion; Falshood's Source; Charter of
“Great Reason's Oracle, and Nature's Light: (Right;
“Hence Manners, and all mutual Ties were fram'd,
“Barbarity civiliz'd, and ev'n the Savage tam'd,
“By this Reforming Pow'er all kept in awe,
“Humanity's first Great Refiner, Law.
“Are the Ports open, are the Sails unfurld;
“Law paves the Paths round th' Hospitable World.
“Wise Empire by her Reins can only draw,
“The Second to the great FIRST MOVER, Law.
“This beauteous *Tutelar*, with all her Charms
“Lodg'd in thy Walls, *Britannia*, in thy Arms;
“No wild Luxuriant Offspring of the Throne;
“Her whole Divine Creation's all thy own.
“Thy *Pop'lar Hands* found thy Imperial Sway,
“*Lords* to make Laws, and *Subjects* to obey.
“Oh blisful Region, Union's Native Soil,
“Where Liberty and Right so radiant smile;
“When Empire on such Golden Pillars stands,
“The Bonds are Bracelets tyed by our own Hands.

Happy *Britannia* such thy State of Bliss,
What hast thou more to ask, or more to wish?

F

Yes,

*Imò licèt radiata tuo Lex Orbe refulget,
 Altius elata est tibi Gloria. Quid tibi Pactum
 Servitii IMPERIIque, basis tua maxima? Non hæc
 Omne dat optandum. Siquando lumine læso,
 Prospektû horrendo videas non amplius Ora
 Divina, erasum Numen, Caput insupèr Auri,
 Ex ferroque lutoque pedes; heu vilius istud,
 Heu valde indignum sceptris, et Honoribus impar;
 Tunc tibi tu Fidei Defensor, cauta timore*

** Magnanimo, Regemque vocas, justeque Coronâ
 Divinum Caput, & Pectus Divinius, ornas.*

*Cœlestis certè Inflatus Prudentia tanta est.
 Æqua Potestatum cautè Libramina pensas.
 Hac donata manû Regnorum Insignia Magnus
 Sumpserat AURLACUS: Naturæ ab origine, prima
 Lex, Sibi-præsidium, donat tua dextra Coronas.
 Quid non posse tibi? Tua, Sceptrâ; tua, Omnia; &
 Anglia, sic ubi te pacemque pericla minantur, (Omne es.
 Ille innatus Honos, animans tua pectora, fervet;
 Ut vincla exhorrens, tu, dedignata pusillè
 Elanguere, caput robustior erigis altum,
 Quàm poni iuga posse; superbior, ora capistro
 Quàm tua porrigeres: Hinc stas munita, tuique
 Discis obumbrati dispellere Nubila Phœbi.
 HANOVERANA tuæ sic orta est GLORIA Terræ.*

*Urania, eugè, novem ditissima forma Sororum,
 Solùm tanta tuum sit opus celebrare Trophæa.*

** Non improprie. Timida ad visum periculorum; magnanima repellendis.*

Yes, though thy Orb Law's dazzling Beauties fill,
To thy bright Sphere thou add'st new Lustre still.
Tho' on this Basis does thy Greatness stand,
This Compact of *Obedience* and *Command*;
Yet when with wise Foresight thou dost behold
Thy dang'rous too hardfated Heads of Gold,
Not always stamp't in the Celestial Mould,
Debas'd to sordid Feet of Iron and Clay,
Too coarse allay'd for thy Imperial Sway;
Justly thy Soverain Helm's defensive Fear
Calls o'er more bright Divinity to steer.

Such thy Prudentials, sure inspir'd by Heav'n,
Thou wisely set'st dread Power's Libration even.
Such the bright Entry of thy great *NASSAU!*
Self-preservation, Nature's Origin Law,
Thine the great Hand do's the Wreath'd Brow entail;
Thou givest Crowns, all things: Dost all, and art all.

Thus fair *Britannia*, when thy Dangers threat,
So sprightly do's thy Pulse of Honour beat;
Disdaining servilely to shrink or droop;
Too strong to shake, and much too brave to stoop,
Made by that great *protecting Maxim* wife,
So taught to clear thy Air, uncloud thy Skies;
Thy Darling *HANOVER's* new GLORIES rise. }

Here, fair *Urania*, Heav'nliest of the Nine,
The Song of this Days Triumph only thine;

With

HANOVERI (si posse) Aquilæ volet æmula Musa.
 Sit via in Excelsis tantanla. Ab Apolline divum
 Afflatum implorēs, inspirandumque Poëma:
 Quid Musa? Hoc cantū Musæ Deus ipse laboret:
 Exerat hīc totum radiatum Numen Apollo.
 Qua, nisi voce tuā resonent, Sapiētia diva,
 (Te spirante, tua est Electio) gaudia tanta?
 Quid nisi, ab hac Ærā, Mens, plusquam Delphica, tota
 Auspicia enarret, serisque nepotibus auram
 Anglorum semper roseam; hinc data munera Cæli?

Antè tamen tua te sublimior evebat ala,
 Grandiūs ut Cantūs sacri illustrentur Honores,
 Jani luce retrò per sæcula respice longa:
 Heroum Anglorum celeberrima Facta canantur:
 Hinc tibi, Musa, petas Heliconā; hinc carmina digna:
 Magnis Præteritis majus Præsensque reponas
 Cantandum. Pensat quæ comparat. Hinc tibi pennæ
 Depicti HANOVERI fulgentem per fice Famam.

Dic quàm fragrabant Connubia sacra Rosarum.
 Quid non Eboracum, quid non Lancastria debes
 His Thalāmis?—Decoranda petant Diademata Gangem
 Pactolo addendum, Solisque ornare metallum
 Lucidulum, referant pondus fulgentius Auro.
 Floribus, Albionis plusquam gemmata Corona est.
 Quantam, Henrice, manū tenuisti, septime, palmam!
 Antiquæ Vates fileat miracula Virgæ.
 Germinat hoc Sceptrum mansuræ pacis Olivam:
 Insula tota sub his ridet felicibus Astris:

Jurgia

With that true Flight let thy wing'd Raptures tour;
If possible, high as his *Eagles* soar.

Invoke *Apollo's* best inspiring Beam,
The *Muses God*, t' assist this Mighty Theme;
A glorious Theme of that sublime Desert,
As ev'n his own whole Godhead might exert.
What less then *Wisdom's* Deity's own Voice
To chant this Royal wisest *Albion* Choice?
What less then his own Delphick Brightest Ray,
Th' Oraculous Propheticks to display
Of those descendant Blessings, fix'd by Fate,
Which shall on His auspicious Scepter wait?

But e're my *Muse* th' Heroick Sally makes,
T' illustrate the great Theme she undertakes,
A transient *Janus* View first let her cast
Back through *Britannia's* proudest Glories past:
From the Great *Past*, the Greater *Present* view:
To blazon *HANOVER's* bright *Lustre* through
And set true Blessings at a Light more fair;
The noblest Test of Worth is to compare.

Say then what Sweets did that Rich Bed disclose,
That joyn'd the *York*, and the *Lancastrian ROSE*?
Let the gay Crown with Orient Jewels drest,
Strip the whole sparkling Glories of the East:
T' adorn the brighter *Albion Diadem*,
The twining *Flow'rs* were here the Noblest Gem.
When th' *Albion* Scepter in *Seventh HENRY's* Hand,
So all Divinely bloom'd like *Aaron's Wand*,

*Furgia cuncta silent : Non ultrà terra fluento
 Purpureo erubuit : Non barbara mœnia Regum :
 Nunc procul Ensis abest : Nunc concertata Potestas,
 Ista Orbis longum turbatrix, exul ab oris,
 Dormit in æternum tutè. Hinc Deus otia fecit,
 Regia cum Ramo duplex Rosa pendeat uno :
 Hinc habet unde mori Bellumque & semina Belli,
 Si quando Ambitio plenè satiata recumbit.*

*Musa STUARTORUM nunc pervolet altius Orbem
 Anglorum PRIMI. Jam grandius aspice Sceptrum,
 Bisque Coronatum Caput ; emumeresque Britannis
 Pacificum Sydus quæ fausta hoc contulit Astra.*

*Unitis quæ fama Rosis ? Rosa, Carduus, uno
 Stemmata nunc florent. Henrici Gloria solum
 Regales unire Domos ; sed Règna, Jacobi.
 Albion, & quondam divisa Albania, longa
 Hinc Radius mulsit fastidia ; pectora dura
 Mollis Amorque inflans Sponsalia Regia fecit.
 Virgineumque duplex nunc Magna Britannia nomen
 Abstulit. Hinc Limes, Confinia, turgida quondam
 Nomina, mitescunt ; dum quas Natura ligavit,
 Junxerit Imperium sociali fœdere Terras.
 Thamesis ad Thetin & Tweda illabuntur eandem ;
 Amplexûque petunt commune cubile marinum.
 Agnôrunt unum Neptunum : Sub Jovis uno
 Unius Imperio nunc subdita Flumina currunt.
 Anglica Progenies, vel nondum nata, Triumphos
 Hos longum recinet. Lætis hinc gaudia sæclis :
 Tot, tanta, Imperio Sator ille Bohemius affert.*

Magna

With what Propitious universal Smile
Did that blest Union cheer our happy Isle!
The Land no more with streaming Crimson blusht:
No more the Sword contesting Empire drēw;
That great Disturber of the World lay husht,
Whilst on one Stem the *Royal Roses* grew.
Discord and War ev'n their whole Seeds must cease,
When satisfy'd Ambition's lull'd to Peace.

From these twin *Roses* mount my Muse yet high'r,
Up to the great *FIRST JAMES* his Orb aspire.
From an Imperial Head here doubly Crown'd,
Recount the vaster Hoard of Blessings found
In *JAMES* his wider all Pacifick Round.

HENRY's less Union a less Glory claims,
He but joyn'd Families; but Kingdoms, *JAMES*.
A too cold Distance, and too coy a Pride
Did th' *Albion* and *Albania* once divide;
Till by a Warmth from his bright Beams convey'd,
His generous Hand the *Royal Spousals* made.
Those Maiden Titles from this Knot cou'd boast
Almost their Names in *Great Britannia* lost.
Borders and Barriers sounds even heard no more,
Now Empire ty'd what Nature joyn'd before.
The *Thames* and *Tweed* their common Tribute pay,
Both in one watry Bed, mixt in one Sea;
They own'd one *Neptune*; now one *JOVE* obey.
What Ayres did the all charm'd *Britannia* sing,
VVith her blest Joys beneath so warm a VVing;
All this the great *BOHEMIAN SIRE* cou'd bring.

Tho'

*Magna retrò hæc recitas, sed nondum Maxima; Musa
 Prospice, prælustres si vis cantare Triumphos.
 Obfirmare Thronos, vel dilatare, JACOBI
 HENRICIQUE Labor minor iste, minutaque fama.
 Quid geminare Rosas; quantumve extendere Regna?
 Inferius mundanum opus, hoc, terrenaque cura.
 Est opus HANOVERO Divinius: Anglia, teque
 Ad Majora vocat; non solum Sceptra, sed Aras,
 Irradiare tuum est; Datur hinc ditescere Cælos.
 VERI Immortalis cælesti fortiùs orbe
 Firmatum Imperium, cum sit tibi cura tuendi;
 Quantulate juxta Proavorum Gloria? Dextris
 Solum concessa est Regalibus hisce potestas
 Addendi Gemmas: Ob Tu sublimior Atlas,
 Grandius ecce tuum. Tibi sit stellare Coronas.*

*Lætantes lustrare Orbes, pia debita Cælis,
 Gaudiaque Angliacas latè diffusa per Aras;
 Cantus hinc omnes percurrere, Musa, Britannos,
 A clangore Tubæ tenue ad modulamen Avenæ;
 Circuitu primo sacros en pervaga Campos
 Castalios. Non nunc Bisfrontem, perspice Bimum
 Pernaßum Albionis, duplex ubi fonte perenni
 Oxoniique Helicon, Almæ Matrisque scaturit:
 Inter Apollineos ex hæc regione Triumphos,
 Dum, venturorum Sæclorum præscia, cernit
 HANOVERANA Spei fundamina tanta Britannæ
 Anglia; & Auspiciis effundit Vota Precesque:
 Oxonium, dic, quanta Choros tibi gaudia replent.
 Non ultrà spoliatus Ager; non nubilus Aer.
 Gloria abinde, Salus, Fulcrum, Decus — En Caput altum
 Hic*

Tho' thy exalted Wing, my *Muse*, thus stretcht,
Thou hast not yet the Height of Glory reacht.
To secure Empire, or enlarge a Throne,
Was *JAMES* and *HENRY*'s fam'd great Work alone.
Th' United Kingdoms, or twinn'd Roses, here,
Vvere but the Business of the VWorld's low'er Sphere.
Great *HANOVER*, with Glory more Divine,
Call'd ev'en t' enrich high Heav'n, make Altars shine,
Shine t' endless VWorlds; a VWork beyond the Pow'r
Of all the shorter Champion-Arms before.
To fix Immortal *TRUTH*'s celestial Sway
In her full Orb of never-setting Day;
Such th' *HANOVER*'s Sublimer *Atlas* VVeight,
His humbler Ancestors reacht not this Height.
Their fainter Lustre cou'd but add a *Gemm*:
His Call to Empire *stars* the Diadem.

Here cou'd the *Muse* survey the Numerous Choirs,
Which this Great Theme with various Ayres inspires;
(The Musick diff'rent, but the Joys agreed,) (*Reed*:
From the Court *Trumpet* down to th' humble Cottage
To trace 'em through their whole vast *British* Round;
Take thy first View from *Learning*'s hallow'd Ground.
Say then from *Literatur*'s twin *Albion* Fount,

Oxon, and *Alma Mater*'s *Helicon*-Springs,
How high th' *Apollinary* Raptures mount,

To chant the Joys this blest *SUCCESSION* brings.
When *Britain* full of her best Pray'rs and Vows,
Source of our Hopes, to that great Head she bows,
Secure thy Glebe, and all Serene thy Air,
Oh say, fair *Oxon*, what's thy Homage there.

H

Thy

*Hic Bodlæanum prostratum ! Humilem ecce superbit
HANOVERI pedibus turritam flectere frontem.*

*Magdalena, tuis sospes nunc incola muris
Non ultrà luctû nitidos turbabit ocellos.
Dnmque lavat muros, & opimas undique ripas
Isidis & Thami crySTALLINA perluit unda;
Lymphis nunc longùm sanis, & fonte sereno,
Non immixta tuas Tiberina aqua polluet Urnas.
Æternùm tutæ, fausto Regnoque potitæ,
Eusebiæ tibi casta Cohors (pia turma Dianæ
Illius Angliacæ) dum balnea sacra pudicis
Expetat à Lymphis, & amœnis lusitet agris,
Hic tenet Halcyonis Nidum, sedemque quietam.*

*A bino Angliacæ pacato hoc fonte Minervæ,
Hinc ab Honore TOGÆ, Cœlique Artisque peritis,
His Fidei Orac'lis, immortalisque Coronæ
Militibus; nunc Musa Stolæ perlustret Honorem.
CÆSARIS Heroas, Jurisque Oracula viset;
Perdoctosque tuos, Astrea, perambulet Orbes.
A Terris exul tu quondam ad Sydera Virgo,
Nunc Astrea redux, tutè instaurata recumbis
Angliaco solio; Solium NASSOVIVS HEROS
Conditor infractum renovavit; Faustior ANNA
Augetque & decorat: Firmatque in sæcula solus
HANOVER: Æternè Basis hinc immota manebit.
Nunc tam securæ peragrant tua mœnia Leges;
Mellea Jura fluunt nunquàm stagnante meatu.
Non ultrà Judex, mandante Tyrannide, (raucâ
Voce) venenatos nunc imbibit aure susurros:*

Non

Thy whole Great *Bodley* in his Train attends,
To *HANOVER* his tow'ry Forehead bends.

Thy once sad *Magdalene*, now past all Fears,
No more her beauteous Eyes shall drown in Tears.
With thy fair *Thame* and *Isis* by thy side,
By thy rich Banks does their clear Crystal glide,
Safe from their Urns the Native Currents pour;
No *Tybur* mixture shall thy Waters sow'r.

Thy great *Eusebian* chaste *Diana Train*,
Bath'd in thy Streams, or wandring o'er thy Plain,
All undisturb'd secure their Halcyon Reign. }

From the cheer'd Hearts, and all the smiling Eyes
In *Albion's* Two great *Science Nurseries*:

From those Learn'd Heads, the Honour of the Gown,
Faith-Guardians, Champions of th' Immortal Crown,
To *CÆSAR's* Champions next, Guardians of *Right*;
T' *Astrea's* Learned Sphere take thy wing'd flight:

Astrea's Sphere indeed. No longer driven
The exil Maid to a protecting Heav'n,

Safe to her *Albion* Throne may now retreat:

The kind *NASSAU* rebuilt her falling Seat.

By *ANNE* rais'd higher yet, it safely stands,

Deckt with new Gemms, new Luster, from Her Hands.

To fix for ever her unshaken Throne,

That Work's reserv'd for *HANOVER* alone.

Yes, so securely fixt! Damm'd up no more,
Law's sacred *Fount* her balmy Streams shall pour.
No more the *Long Robe's* Price so high enchanc'd;
Judges first Closeted, and then advanc'd.

No

Non ultrâ fuscant tam nigra Scabella Tribunal,
 Prægrandi pretio non nunc sit vilius emptum:
 Pro pelle agninâ non conscia pectora vendi.
 Anglia corruptum timeat non amplius Æquum.
 Ipse susurrus abest. Ex hoc oritura periclo,
 (Hæc quantum poterit SUCCESSIONE) tota timoris
 Umbra evanescit. Nec Roma, venena, nec auris.

Aere nunc Aulæ volites, mea Musa; Serenos
 Hic vultus, almam pacem, circumflua muris
 Gaudia, conspicias. Cum Vox Populique Deique
 Advocat HANOVERUM, quantum Aulæ mœnia clangunt
 Non hic fumatus nunc Subterraneus olim
 Vulcanus, fabricans Romana Incendia, Lucæ
 Guidonæ *infernus laternæ suscitatur ignes. *Guido Fausti
 Obsequio larvata genu non Curia ficto,
 Flectit, & unâ odit: Majestatique protervæ
 Non nunc Magnatum prænobilis Histrio-turma
 Abjectè inservit, simulataque Pompa Thronorum.
 Ecce Perisclides, non nunc, stellatus Honosque,
 Vilis Ignati pecus, hoc dominantius agmen
 Atergo sequitur: Totam abluet HANOVER istam
 Eternè a Solio pestemque luemque Britanno.
 Illius a grato exhilarata, Britannia, Sceptro,
 Consilia Imperii studia in contraria scindi
 Nunc tua non poterunt; tollentque Palatia turres
 Non ultra invisas humili lare. Factio, murmur,
 Totè evanescent: Conventu unita beato,
 Regiaque & tua nunc popularia prospice vota.
 Aulicus, & Patriæ pater, hæc discordia quondam
 Nomina, conciliata, perenni pace fruentur.

Gaudia

No too high-priz'd Tribunal Seat to hold,
 To buy a Lambskin, a whole Conscience sold.
Albion no more corrupted Justice fears :
 This blest SUCCESSION that Contagion clears ;
 No *Rome* to whisper ; and no poyson'd Ears.

Take thy next Flight, my *Muse*, in the *Court Air* :
 View th' Health, Peace, Joy, all smiling Aspects there :
 When to her Throne her *HANOVER* she calls,
 All Eyes look gay within the *Royal Walls*.
 Yes, 'tis the beauteous Region of Delight :
Rome's Sooty Chymists here no more shall fright,
 Nor blow their Coals by *Guido's* Lanthorn Light.
 No more shall servile *Courts* cringe where they hate ;
 No more the Noblest Veins ignobly wait,
 Forc'd to fill up the Hypocrite Pomp of State.
 Our *Stars* and *Garters* shall no longer now
 T' *Ignatian* Vermine, Lordlier Minions, bow.
 Great *HANOVER*, his very Name alone,
 For ever sweeps those Locusts from the Throne:
 Cheer'd by his Reign thy Harmony of Pow'r,
Britannia, now shall be untun'd no more.
 Thy Peace no more divided Factions bar :
 Ev'n *Court* and *Country*, Sounds too oft at jar,
 Shall here that reconciling Union find ;
Courtiers and *Patriots* Names for ever joyn'd.
 Th' unenvying Cot shall now with smiling Eyes
 Look up to see the Towry Pallace Rise.
 Sovereign and Subject now one Will shall bound,
 One Soul of Empire move the whole vast Round ;
 This Head ev'n it's own Guardian Angel Crown'd.

*Gaudia nunc toto promiscua ab ore Britanno,
 Gaudia non torvæ quassanda Tyrannidis astu,
 Nec delenda Ævis ; hæc gaudia concine, Musa.
 Nullus, abbinc Phaeton ; non nunc mente ille supernè
 Captus, toto errans Cæloque, libidine raptus
 Effræni, renovare horrenda incendia Mundo,
 Ambiet Imperium—Nunc, Anglia, Pallade totâ
 Stas munita ; tui Currûs Defensor ab istis
 Aurigis, Regni Solares fortis habenas
 Abnegat his Dextris, vigil atque armata Minerva.
 Insula ter felix, plaga tuta sub aere sano
 Temperieque poli, tu verè habitabilis Orbis,
 HANOVERUM Angliacis Loris spes faustior optat.
 Exoriente tuis hoc divo Lumine Scepтрis,
 Exurget lætis Terrisque, & ostantibus Astris,
 Hinc Radius calidus, non usto torridus Orbi.*

• *HANOVERI Introitû longum Roma exulat ; ipsa
 Romana eradet divum vestigia Sceptrum.
 Ultima spes evanescit, cursûque peracto,
 Tota Veneficia æternè finita lateſcunt.
 Sic olim simulata Deos Oracula, quorum
 Inferno solûm inflatû vox edita, Magni
 HEBRÆI ad PARTUS orientia Lumina Mundo,
 In sempiternum damnata silentiaque, alto
 Et capita abdiderant horrenda in Erynnidis Antro.*

*En ubi pacificus de Cælis ille JACOBUS
 Prospicit, huic Dextræ dandis benedicere Scepтрis.
 Heu meminisse libet, totam cûm præsciis ore*

Divino

Now pleas'd *Britannia*, what's thy General Joy;
Joys, which no loursing Pow'r shall e're destroy?
No more shall Bigot *Phateons* aspire,
Those rapid Drivers set thy World o' fire.
Wisely, *Britannia*, with that Care and Pains
From those mad Hands thou barr'st thy *Chariot* Reins.
Thy Orb of Light in it's bright Race above
A steddier unerring Course shall move.
With this Foundation of thy Regal Throne,
Thus fixt, blest Isle, in thy true Temp'rate Zone;
To this fair SUN thy smiling Aspect turn.
The Rising *HANOVER* shall warm, not burn.

Nay *Rome's* whole Hopes now so entirely fail,
That *HANOVER* ev'n cuts off their Entail.
Her Machinations and Her Witchcrafts don,
The Sorceries have their whole Circle run.
So the World's once fam'd *Oracles* of old
All by Infernal Inspirations told,
Doom'd t' endless Silence, hid their Heads in Earth,
At the bright Dawn of the Great *HEBREW BIRTH*.

Albion's First *JAMES* fure from his Heav'n look'd
To bless this fair Donation of a Crown. (down,
Well he remembers with what Breath Divine
He Curst his whole Apostatizing Line.

Beware

*Divino illapsam Stirpem execrante, STUARTE,
Væ tibi Progenies, dixit, perdenda, protervas
Incantamentis Romæ qui porrigis aures.*

Dixit & effecit : Stetit irrevocabile Dictum.

FIAT ita Omnipotens Verbum Factumque locutum est.

Ob nimis Oraculum ! Fatum intonat ore vovente.

Nuper enim ex alto vidit (suspiria si sint

In Cælis balanda, immixtaque lacrima turbet

Gaudia in Excelsis ;) vultûque madente, paterno

Ingemitûque, alti Capitis ter flebile fatum.

Naufraga Sceptra, Sacræ Majestatisque Ruinas ;

Illius heu nimium profugæ ; bis Exulis : Unum

Contulit exilium Populi furor impius olim :

(Comprime labra stupor !) Regis furor ille secundum.

Perdita quid si sit ; quodque addere Musa tremiscit,

(Tam durum ingratum repeti) sit perdita justè ;

Et justa hîc lacrima est : Rapitur cùm Gloria Regum

Ultrò præcipitanda, et diris obruit umbris

Sic peritura caput ; tantas plorare ruinas

Heu quid non debet Pietas ? Pietatis eodem

Ex fonte hic oculus hæc debita solvit in Astris.

Iustitia, ob verè divina, ulcisceris, unà

Et misereris : Ea est animis cœlestibus Ira.

Tristius hoc retrò cùm mente revolverat altâ,

Perlata Auspicium felicius attrahit ora.

Conditor Unitæ Gentis, nunc, Insula fœlix,

Te videt, ob charum quondam tutamen ; ovensque

Ad sua tendit Amor. Sacriora hîc stemmata cernit.

En ubi Mens sana, & longævè strenua Virtus,

Hæc

“ Beware the *Stuart* Ear that shou’d presume
“ To hear th’ enchanting Sorceries of *Rome* !
The Seals of Destiny the Doom await.
So the great *FIAT* spoke, and spoke with Fate.
Orac’lous was the Voice ; for Oh, he saw
Th’ Effects of the entail’d *Anathema*.
Ev’n with a Sigh (if Sighs can breathe above,
And a Tear fall amidst Eternal Joy,)
With melting Eyes from true Paternal Love,
He saw the lost late falling *Majesty* :
Miserie’s hard Lesson too severely taught,
Twice doom’d to taste of Exiles bitter draught;
By his Misfortune first, and last his Fau’t. }
The Fall so Great—And if the Muse is bound
To those hard Laws, to breathe th’ ungrateful sound,
And say, The Fall so Just ;—as just are all
The trickling Sorrows which lament that Fall.
The duteous Tears from genuine Fountains flow,
To see declining Glory sink so low.
What do’s not Piety cwe t’ a Crown’d Head?
From this Celestial Eye the Tear’s thus shed :
When Heavenly Minds th’ avenging stroke pursue,
Their *Justice* punishes, but pities too.

From this too sad Remembrance, with a Smile
On his once Royal Charge this happy *Isle*,
All charm’d he sees in his *BOHEMIAN VEINS*
All *Health*, and ever vigorous *Virtue* reigns.

K

No

*Hæc sibi BOËMAS animant vitalia VENAS.
 Hæ non delirant : Non ægri Somnia turbant
 Pectora ; vesanæ procul hinc contagia Romæ.
 VERUM, cœleste Ob VERUM, tu cui ferè Nomen
 Datque DEO Titulum, Solium fundatque supernum,
 Gloria præclaras has fulgentissima Frontes
 Ex sempiternis Lucis tibi Fontibus ornat.*

*Dum iusta HANOVERI recitas præconia, totam
 Perfice, Musa, operam : Cane grandia Munera Cæli
 Quæ tulerit gratis hic dilectissimus Astris.
 Hinc illucescant angustâ a Dote minorum
 Fortunæ parvæ Hæredum : Mimis ecce beatos,
 Heu ultra Cineres haud plus quàm Nomina Reges.*

*Quid tibi contulerint tanti, GULIELME, Labores?
 Terminat illustres Vitæ brevis orbis Honores.
 Quantula parsque tui, cineri, nisi Fama, supersit !
 Immortale tuum totum dabit unica Fama.*

*Deliciæ, Gulielme, Throni Thalæmique MARIA,
 Non solum Angliacæ Terræ, sed Gloria quondam
 Cœlorum Albionis ; Sydus boreale, MARIA,
 Plusquam Constellata Anima, & Mens plena polorum.
 Tam radians Pietas, Reginaque Divaque ; nondum
 Translata, Angelicæ certè pars maxima Turmæ.
 Pectus ut hoc mirum struxerunt Numina, Terris
 Ob nimium prælustre, superni dignius Orbis ;
 Divaque Thesaurum manus hunc cumulârat Honorum,
 Virtutum, Decorum ; (tantam quid condere gazam !)
 Præmia contuleratque tot arridentia gratis*

No sickly Taint can find an Entrance there,
No vap'rous Damp from *Rome's* infectious Air.
TRUTH, all Celestial TRUTH, whose Name alone
Gives God a Title, and ev'n founds his Throne,
Shines in those Veins so all Serenely bright,
The purest Stream from her great Fount of Light.

Now *H A N O V E R* to thy Great Name to pay
One just Debt more, here let the *Muse* essay
To ballance thy sublimer Portion giv'n,
Above the other Favourites of Heav'n:
Worthies less blest, who when Fate strips the Plume,
Leave their small Reliques pent to that short Room,
High Veins scarce more than Names beyond the Tomb. }

Britannia's great *N A S S A U* his Glories Date
A narrow Lease of Life must terminate.
His own rich Thred of Gold was all his Claim,
His Immortality lies all in *Fame*.

And Oh the beauteous Partner of his Throne,
M A R I A, once not *Albion's World* alone,
All the whole *Albion Heaven's* once Leading Light;
Religion, Piety, so dazling bright;
The QUEEN, the SAINT; a Breast so all refin'd,
Sure ev'n below in that Seraphick Mind,
Yet untranslated the whole *Angel* shin'd. }
When Providence had such Perfection view'd
Of Heav'n so worthy, and for Earth too good;
Profusely kind, had heap'd so vast a Mass
Of every shining Virtue, smiling Grace;

She

*A Cælis Animo cælesti, beu parca negavit
Hoc solum, cumulo ridentem huic addere Prolem.*

*Junior ANNA Soror, dignè pia ELIZA secunda,
Divinum en divina sequens, Reginaque Regi
Non impar. Quid si NASSOVIUS extitit Anglus
Mavors in Campis; Bellona est ANNA Britannis
Consiliis: Armata Thronum conscendit; & Hastâ
Et Clypeo, (his ANNÆ Sceptris,) innixa, Britannum
Martia DIVA sedet; Propugnatrixque Salutis,
Ararum, Legum, Libertatumque; Penatum
Anglorum custos fidissima, Regia circum
Lumina convolvit; (non dormit Jupiter Astris,
Nec Terris Vindicta!) parataque vincula collo
Europæ spectans; astus Gallicæ Fidemque
Horrens; (hinc illæ lacrimæ, monumenta Laborum
Hinc tua, Galle; sub his vexillis vincere discis.
Arma minùs, jurata Fides perterrituit Orbem.)
Illa opus hoc verè Herculeum renovare, & hic item
Sternere Lernæam, galeata en contrahit ora;
Irisque exardens, ANIMAM spiransque Britannam,
Plena Dex, tota ANNA assurgit; ab Orbe tonante
Fulmina demittens torquenda à Marte Ministro;
Angligenasque marina Lares tua Numina, teque,
Neptune, ad sua bella vocans, propriumque per Æquor
A formidandis rutilante Tridentibus Undâ,
Læta laboranti vigilat succurrere Mundo.*

She stopt her giving Hand, and wou'd not throw
To the rich Pile the smiling *Mother* too.

Second *ELIZA, ANNE*, by Heav'n decreed,
The *Heroine* the *Hero* to succeed:
In Fame not riva'lld, nor outvy'd by Kings,
All her whole *Predecessor's* GLORY brings.
What tho' in Camps and Fields we wondring saw
The Guardian *Mars* of *Britain*, Great *NASSAU*.
ANNE, no less *Europe's* Champion all Divine,
Resolves her Throne shall her Pavilion shine.
In *Albion's* Counsels the *Bellona* reigns:
There the great *ANNE* her Martial Helm sustains:
Mounts Arm'd to Empire, and in *Britain's* Cause,
Preserver of her Altars, Freedom, Laws;
Her watchful Eye her Royal Charge to keep
Looks round; (nor *Jove* nor *Jove's* *Lieutenants* sleep:)
From hence surveying the black hamn'ring Hands,
The Forge prepar'd for *Europe's* servile Bands,
Rowz'd with a blush at *Gaul's* insulting Pride,
And more loath'd *Faith*, a Faith too amply try'd;
The long aspiring *Hydra* to subdue,
Resolves th' *Herculean* Labour to renew.
With all that glowing Frown, and generous Scorn,
All her own Innate Fires, true *ENGLISH-BORN*,
From her high *Orb of Thunder* she commands
Her Menial *Mars*, and ministring *Neptune's* Hands;
Her Bolts by their Commission'd Vengeance hurl'd,
All pleas'd, the Sword unsheath'd, and Sails unfurl'd, }
To succour the Distresses of a World.

Grandior Astrorum cura est hæc Vita, beando
 Imperio longum Diis conservata. Tuentur
 Numina, Regna colunt; & si stabilita Thronorum
 Sit basis à precibus, precibus Thronus ipse polorum
 Appetitur; fumant Altaria, cordaque flagrant.
 Molis aromaticæ tanto sub pondere sacris
 Ingemit Ara focus, dum sic pia pyramis ardet,
 Sic holocausta nitent, ut dent nova Lumina Cælis:
 Non desunt votumque genuque: Hæc vendicat ANNA.

ANNA tanta dedit Cælum; plus abstulit ANNA.
 Illa etenim quantum fausta atque infasta, sub uno
 Tecto Regali vixit vidisse suprema
 Infimæque (ob Cæli ludibria!) fata revolvit.
 Nuper enim Matris felicitis Brachia, Pectus,
 Amplexus, Oculos, Genialia quanta replerunt
 Gaudia! (Magna venit tardo pede, sed fugit alis
 GLORIA) Delicias Ævi, Votumque Britannum,
 Vidit, et heu solum vidit: (Brevis ob nimis Ætas
 Immodicis) Quantâ spe decidit! Ecce Ruinas
 Lugendas, jactas tot opes, tantosque dolores!
 Regiaque en sola est Niobe spoliata superstes.

Hic siste—Infandum renovare ob desine Musa:
 Flenda file; plaudenda cane; Illustrisque SOPHIÆ
 Elige perpetuis memoranda Trophæa Camænis.
 Quid Dii non dederint? Sudant Cæli, Astra laborant
 Dilectam Superis hanc indefessa beare.
 Hæc Annis dives, SOBOLE hæc ditissima, prolem
 A sese divam, MAJESTATEMque perennem
 Exortam, ter fausta videt. Videt Anglia Sæclis
 Non extinguendum sibi LUMEN. Gloria Venis His

This Life by Providence preserv'd to shew'r
More lasting Blessings from her Orb of Pow'r,
More watchfully her Angel Guards attend:
Here the Stars smile, and prostrate Nations bend:
For her long *Race of GLORY* Altars shine;
Off'rings, Vows, Orisons, Knees and Hearts all joyn.
Cou'd Pray'rs found Thrones, *ANNE* that Devotion
That *Albion* wrestles Heav'n in her great Cause. (draws,

Yet has not *ANNE* all Heav'n's kind Smiles en-
Vast Blessings she has found; but vaster lost. (grost;
Blest and unblest, beneath one Roof of State,
Has seen the whole Vicissitudes of Fate.
Once th' happiest Mother of the loveliest Charms,
The Darling of her Eyes, her Soul, her Arms.
But oh that *Albion* *ROSE*'s fatal blast!
With heavy steps *Great JOYS* come but flow-pac'd; }
But they find Wings to part; and fly too fast. }
Thus *ANNE* of *Albion*'s once best Hopes bereft,
Sees her self only the *Great Niobe* left.

Quit this too melancholy Region here;
Short be the painful Notes, and mourning Choir,
And soar, my *Muse*, to great *SOPHIA*'s Sphere.
The Blissful Airs which sprightlier Themes inspire;
Not the whole Nine in endless Songs can tire.
Sing then that happier dearer Charge above,
Hers the best Smiles of the *Immortal LOVE*;
Blest with long Years of Joy, she lives to see
A fair *Descent* of Deathless *MAJESTY*.

Britannia

*His oriunda sacri Imperii retinebit habenas,
Non rescindendas, ante ille Platonius Orbis
Finiat excussum; nec Lora diutiùs Æthon
Lassatus radiata trahat, Phœbusque ruenti
Occidat à Cælo; dormituroque Cubile
Sternat in æternum Thetis ultima, nec Thetis ultrà.*

*Non concessa fuit GULIELMO hæc gratia Cœli.
Extinctis longùm Venis, Mors invida divum
Hoc Decus Anglorum abripuit—*

*Siste nefanda viam, Carmenque abrumpe profanum.
Quò tibi, Musa furor? Mors & NASSOVIUS unà
Voce loqui poterunt? Hæc dissona nomina nunquam,
Ob nunquam coeant. Tibi nec modulaminis alti
Turbare Harmoniam discors iste increpet horror.
Exulet è terris hæc umbra phrenetica spectri.
Ob tibi Defensor, Europa, opiferque dolenti,
Nesciat ille mori, per quem tu vivere nôris.*

*Cùm vocat Omnipotens, à lugentique recedis
Tu terrà, GULIELME, tuà; Soror horrida dextrà
Heu tua flenda tenet pretiosæ flamina vitæ.
Nec quid Honoratum poterit Caput, invalet HEROS.
Tota exantlanda est licet aurea currat arena.
Tolleris è vivis tu totus & integer; Hæres
Non datur his venis—Sed quid tibi fata minantur!
HANOVER hic novus AURIACUS dum te tibi supplet,
Non tibi posse mori: Tibi tuque eris ipse superstes.
Quid si non proles, quid si tibi funera, Phœnix,
Flamma, rogos, cineres, fato succumbere nescis.*

Dum

Britannia from this *Guardian* H E A D alone,
Calls never setting G L O R Y to her *Throne*.
Her Veins and Times last Glafs together run,
Her *Lineal* R A C E shall hold the Reins of Pow'r
Till the whole Great *Platonick Circle's* done,
When the tired Sun shall lag, and drive no more.

This Blessing Heav'n to Great *NASSAU* denies,
When that long lov'd, no less mourn'd WORTHY dies—
But hold, here stop my Muse—All in one Breath
Did'st thou not name the Great *NASSAU* and *Death*?
Those jarring Sounds shou'd ne'er together speak!
Twill all thy whole Harmonious Numbers break.
Bid that dire Thought's phantastick Spectres fly;
Oh Europe must thy Freedom's Guardian dye!
Life of thy Life, and Genius of thy Arms,
He that dispell'd both *Rome* and *Gauls* black Charms:
That Head, which thine once fainting rays'd so high,
So low in *Death's* cold Bed must never lye.

When at th' Almighty Call thy Earth resign'd
NASSAU, thou leav'st thy Mourning World behind;
Not darling Heads 'gainst Fate a Shield can hold:
Ev'n thy last Glafs must run tho' Sands of Gold;
Must the whole H E R O, thy extinguisht Veins,
All th' *Hero* die? No, thou thy own Remains,
In *HANOVER* shall Deathless *WILLIAM* live:
He shall make *NASSAU* ev'n himself survive.
What tho' she breeds not, and that single Head
An Ages Wonder builds her Funeral Bed,
Nor the relentless Heav'n's descending Fires
Spare her rich Pile, the *Phoenix* ne'er expires.

M

But

*Dum tamen HANOVERO solvunt pia Vota Tributum,
Et tibi tuque petas celebrandas, Anglia, laudes,
Cum tam grande sonat donatæ fama Coronæ? —
Sed cur sit donum Diadema; vel unde sit amplum?
Heu tua larga manus dat Sceptrum, ut dives avarus
Fœnoris immensi spe solùm accommodat Aurum.*

*Cum tuus HANOVER a gratâ te dante, Coronam
Gratior accipiat; tot reddita mille refundat
Proflua diva Manus; donumque remuneret unum;
(Verè propitiis dextris cùm lora reponis,
Imperium quid sit nisi Cura, recepta beandi
Sceptra; repensandi sublimior Ambitus Orbis?)
Quid non fama canat, cùm sceptro fausta sub uno
Advolet Anglicos Aquila Hanoverana Leones.*

*Utque hinc HANOVERI frontem redimire, Coronæ
Defensor verè hic Fidei, decernitur Hæres;
Iusteque hac dextrâ fœlici tota reposta est
Grandior Ararum Custodia, Causaque Cæli:
Sint magis exaltata Trophæa; nec ista Britanni
Bestia Martis, Avis Germanica, nec Jovis ultra.
Causa Evangelica est: Evangele confer honores.
HANOVERI Clypeo Sacriora Insignia supple;
Des Aquilam, Johanne, tuam; des, Marce, Leonem.*

*Cum divum hoc Regimen, Stola Regiaque, Albion, albâ
Hac Scytalâ niteat; tibi sic stellata Corona est;
Tu Terra ex terris, extraneus angulus Orbis,
Solis ad occasum steteris, sed Honoris ad ortum;
Tu minor, Ob magni tolletur Gloria Sceptri
Supra mundanæ fastidia inania molis.*

Castalias

But whilst we pay Great *HANOVER*'s just Due,
Albion thou claim'st thy share of Praises too.

A Gift so vast as thy Imperial Seat---

But why thy Crown a Gift; or why so great?

Thy open Hand this Bounty only pour'd,

At Misers for vast Int'rest trust their Hoard.

When *HANOVER* on *Britain's* Head show'rs down
Th' immense Returns for thy presented Crown;

The thousand Blessings for one Gift so kind,

(For when to true protecting Hands resign'd,

Empire is only Gratitude refin'd)

How shall Fame chant this Union all Divine,

When with thy *Lyons*, shall his *Eagles* joyn.

As *HANOVER* wise *Britain* has decreed,

Her true Great *Faith's* Defender, shall succeed.

To this auspicious Hand thus justly given

Her Altars Charge, her Sacred Cause of Heav'n,

No more those bright *Regalia* in thy Shield,

The common Blazon of a Royal Field:

The Impress of thy Crest now rais'd above

The *British* Beast of *Mars*, or *German* Bird of *Jove*:

So bright thy Evangelick Chaplets twine;

Mark's Champion *Lyon*, and *John's* *Eagle* thine.

So white the Ermin of thy Royal Robe,

Thy Crown so Starr'd; thy Frame so all Divine;

Oh thou great Western Outly of the Globe,

How shall thy Pride the Inland World outshine.

Thus

Castalias dum tanta lyras Laus instruat, illa
 Carmine tam vario cantata a voce Britannà;
 Urania, eja, Choros numerastine undique totos
 HANOVERI? Resonant popularia Gaudia solim,
 Præscia fundandæ per sæcla perennia pacis?
 Tantis Auspiciis stat solus debitor Orbis;
 Circulus iste brevis — Non hæc angustia famam
 Terminat HANOVERI. Cœlestior Incola, Diva
 Eusebia hinc cernit stabilita Altaria; (perdi
 Stellatæ poterit non unica Gemma Coronæ)
 Angelicosque choros vocat ad nova Carmina. Clangunt
 Sydera; tam gratam Cælumque reverberat auram.
 HANOVERI haud Cantus hos dicite, dicite cantus
 Hos minùs Anglicos; Majores ecce Camenas:
 Edocet Astra suos potius celebrare triumphos.
 Cæli res agitur. Cælorum Gloria, Causa,
 Conservanda Fides, munitaque Tempia, colenda
 Numinaque, HANOVERI cum sint Provincia; Divi
 Exultant, resonant super Æthera Gaudia, complet
 Ipsaque Pœanas sacra Hallelulah Britannos.

Fauſta tamen dum Musa per Hanoverana rotatur
 SYDERA, & huic Sphæræ carmen modulata benigna,
 Terræque & Superis charum Caput aspicit; altos
 Nulla choros turbat vox barbara? Murmura nulla!
 Non unus latrans ex triplice Cerberus Ore?
 A Solio volvenda novo tibi Gloria, tota
 Luce coruscante Invidiæ confundat ocellos;
 Nec fera crinitis Alecto ex anguibz unum
 Tota a Gorgonea vibrarit fronte colubrum?
 Imò venenato furiali ex Agmine Magnus

Thus whilst th' *HANOVRA* SONGS my Muse
Hast thou, *Urania*, number'd all his Choir? (inspire
Is't an indebted World must only pay
(That narrow'r round) the Rites of this Great Day?
The Plains with only Popular Eccho's fill'd,
To see that Head her endless Peace shall build?
No, his high Praise not t' Earth-born Organs bound,
Not only Mouths of Clay his Trump shall sound:
Whilst *TRUTH* and her unshaken *Domes* shall stand,
The whole bright standart *CROSS* fixt by that Hand;
The fair *Eusebia* in her Heav'nlier Raign
A part of his Inauguration Train,
Her Peace no less in this blest Fence immur'd,
Her Altars safe, her starrier Crown secur'd,
Ev'n th' *Angel Choir* here to new Songs shall wake;
And well-pleas'd Heav'n the grateful Raptures take.
Such Influence this blest Succession draws,
Their own the Glory, and their own the Cause;
Their own the Great Triumphant Rites assign'd:
Our *Iò Pæanis*, and their *Hallelujah's* joyn'd.

But whilst we in this tuneful Region move,
Has th' Head so dear below, so lov'd above,
No murmuring Enemies; no snarling Spight?
From his new Rising Throne can such warm Light,
In th' Eyes of grinning Envy glare so bright;
And the dire Fury not one brandish'd Snake
From her whole Tire of *Gorgon* Tresses shake?
Yes, see the keenest of her poy's'nous Stings,
The alarm'd *Dragon* stretch his spotted Wings:

N

That

*En Draco, Dux gregis horrendæ horrendissimus, ille
Sanguine qui longo rubefecit Lilia ; torvus
En ubi consurgens, alarum spicula, nigras
Expandit pennas ; turgentia Collaque tollit.
Pectore & à rabido plusquam igneus halitus iras
Expromit : Toto flammante en ore boantem.*

*Summa petat nunc Musa ; choros utque altiùs altos
Euehat, & Gallo modulamina digna canendo
Extruat, heu tanti cantûs sub pondere cæptis
Aspirante Deo non indiget ; Auspice nullo.
Sufficit ipse sibi suus est Ludovicus Apollo.
Lumen Apollineum dabit ille Incendia. Penna
Ærea ; Chorda Lyræ sit ferrea ; sanguine Carmen
Scribendum ; omne suum. Sic diva poemata tanto
Inflatû solûm verè Ludovicea fiant.*

*Tu Galle hinc grandis, plusquam Sampsonius Heros,
Fœdera, Juramenta, Ligaminaque, illa tremenda
Assumpto sancita D E O, tibi vincla pusilla.
Galle, tibi Cælum Terras ambire scabellum :
Fabula vana Fides ; vacuæ Mens conscia nugæ.
Si quid opus precibus, tibi quid cæleste colendum est,
En ubi adorandum Ludovici Numen, amanda
Ambitio regnat plusquam Dea : Deperit unam
Hanc solûm Venerem divinam : Hinc Flamma, sagittæ :
Hinc novus angusto Pelloeus hic æstuat Orbe.
Te liceat, Pellæe, cani ; reſerandaque pandi
Pectora ; quid Studium, Labor, Ausa, Faventiaque Astra-
(Tecum siquid habent Astra, & tu, Galle, quid Astris!)
Tu solûm tibi fide viam molire cruentam :
Nec vacat exiguis ! Quid Jus, Equumve ? Furenti
Sunt mora nulla rotæ. Levior Currum Impetus urget.
Nulla*

That dreadfulest of all her angry Pow'rs,
Rowz'd from his Bed of *Sanguin'd Lilies*, lou'rs.
Bloated with spight see his swoln Crest uprise :

The grin, the hiss, Rage, Vengeance all conspire.
Forth from his Sulph'rous Throat, and Flaming Eyes
He pours whole Torrents of invenom'd Fire.

But here, my Muse, beneath thy pondrous Load
To thy Great Theme call no assisting God.
For invocated Powrs thy Song to raise
Up to the mighty *Gaul's* exalted Praise,
Call his own Conflagrations to inspire
Thro' thy warms Veins the whole Poetick Fire :
From his own hardend Steel string up thy Lyre :
And his Immortal *Trophies* to rehearse,
In his own darling Crimson write thy Verse.

Great *Lewis* in whose more then *Sampson* Hands
Leagues, Oaths, and Sacraments are Cobweb Bands !
Who in the Charms of proud Ambition caught
So much his captiv'd Soul that Idol fires,
Within her all things, and beyond her nought,
To her ador'd Fruition he aspires,
His whole Eternal Joys, his utmost last Desires.
Whilst Conscience but a Jest, and Faith his Mirth,
Tis' oer a trampled Heaven he mounts to Earth.
Here cou'd the Muse survey his Chace of Fame,
And all the Aiding Powrs that push the Game,
True only to himself he hews his way,
Unstopt by Right or Justice foolish Plea.

Without

Nulla Astrea comes! Non hęc tu pondere tardas
 Virgineo rapidos, præcep̃s Auriga, triumphos.
 Juris & Imperii, coram te Iudice, Causa
 Pensatà, tu das Oracula ob ore tonantis
 Justitiæ: Ratio tibi sola, tua ultima, Fulmen.
 Belgia purpureum Galli bellantis Honorem
 Viderat. (Aurora hæc Ludovicea!) Gloria prima est
 Te Pyrenæi superasse cacumina Pacti.
 Quid te detineat? Fieri si Fœdera possint
 Pyrenæi ipsi, per Lethes non Stygis undas
 Juranti, Hannibali quid saxum debile Gallo?

Sed quò Pegasides, rapiturque volatile Carmen!
 Imperij tibi sacra fames, mundanaque solùm
 Gloria, vota, preces, supremæque Gaudia complent?
 Inclytus ille Heros Terrarum invaseris Arces
 Turribus exclusus cœlestibus, exul ab Astris?
 Oh nimium vaga Musa! Profana poemata, Galle,
 Corrigat; en videat tendentem ad Sydera palmas;
 A Jove teque genũ flexo majora petentem.
 Hos ut ineffandos in Campis tollis Honores,
 Non Pietas tibi Marte minor! Tua diva Trophæa
 Quò non elata exultent! Quæ pectora possunt
 Inflatus ambire tuos; Ludovicea Vota?
 Oh nunquam sit posse parem dare sæcla nec Orbes!
 Quantæ molis erat te condere! Quis Labor Astris!
 Te Mundo quærat Nemo quæ fata dederunt:
 Fata vetent operam repeti—Sudantis ad Aras
 Romanas quantus Ludovici pectoris Ardor?
 Terrestri Ambitui non sacrior Ambitus impar.

Religio

Without their heavy luggage to his Cause
 His proud Triumphant Chariot lighter draws :
 Divine *Astrea's* guiding Hand holds here
 No part of his Mad Reins : His rapid Sphere
 Her constellated Glories ne'er cou'd bear.
 If ought of Justice in his Orb survives
 'Tis only in a flaming Carre she drives:
 He tries Dominion, Title, Empire, all,
 By Pow'r's last Dint of Reason, *Cannon-ball*.
 This Early *Jebu* in the *Flandrian* Wars,
 His first long stride o're-leapt the *Pyrenæan Barrs*.
 Were Treaties *Pirenees* ; all feeble Blocks !
Gaul's Hamibal wou'd cut thro' such weak Rocks.

But hold, my Muse, how wild thy Raptures tour !
 Is *Lewis* darling Adoration, P O W E R,
 The only Idol of his Soul ; and none
 But this low'er Mundane Globe th' Aspirers Throne !
 Oh whither has thy Profanation driven !
 Hast thou assign'd him Earth, yet barst him Heaven !
 No, my *Urania*, mend that weak mistake !
 And to yet brighter Gallick Visions wake.
 Behold him at a yet sublimer Shrine,
 His Hand, Heart, Knee ; oh ! more then all Divine.
 If such is his unequall'd *Glory's* due,
 Sure his *Devotion's* an Original too.
 Alas, not Worlds nor Ages e'er must find
 Samples of his inimitable kind.
 Whate'er Pow'r's gave the World a Birth so great ;
 High Heav'n forbid they shou'd their Work repeat.

O

The

*Religio quid non audet tua? Tendit ad Astra
 Spes tua Cœlestis, quondam ut Titania proles
 Aggressa Æthereos cumulatis montibus Orbes.
 Haud minor ecce Labor. Tibi scalas erigis altas
 Cælis scandendis Cladem Stragemque: Gigantum
 Montes, en Gallo cumulata cadavera supplent.*

*Europæ hic Prædo, cui vitæ, millia mille,
 Tot jugula exhausta, Ambitui cecidere voraci
 Victima purpurea; (heu nondum satiata cruore
 Æternè sitiet licet ebria sanguine Febris;)
 Tam longâ rabie non hic exarserit Heros,
 Sed furor ecce novus rapitur majoribus ausis.
 En ubi Spes Galli, sed Origo Britannica, Venæ
 Vel magis ambigua quàm Fons Ludoviceus, Ortus
 Hic dubius Magni Ludovici cura fovetur.
 Quid non hæc poterunt Cunab'la? Quid attrahat illa
 Hinc proles, imbuta recens, nutritaque tanto
 Susceptore? Hinc Mens, Genius, Votum, Ambitus, omne
 Instandum: Hæc similis simili dedit. A Jove Gallo
 Decreta est Scep'tris hæc Gloria mima Britannis.*

*Terrarum Imperium longo Molimine Galli
 Quæsitum, minus hoc, Galli inter somnia, mirum.
 Sed quando Ambitio sic effrænata tumescit,
 Somniaque alta petit tam cælitus, ut sibi Numen
 Arroget, hinc Orbem stupefecit; dummodo tantas
 Projicit ampullas tam vana Superbia, demens
 Ut sonus, ipse mere Galli, putet, halitus oris
 Fati voce loqui poterit; Regesque novelli
 Tam levitè fuerint Nutu Verboque creandi.*

The warmest Zealot of *Rome's* Bigot Pow'rs,
Like his *Ambition*, his *Religion* soars.
His Heav'nly Hopes, bear their uplifted Head
In the same Path the Sons of *Titan* led.
He to the Toyl of the old *Gyants* driven,
Forc'd to heap Mountain Piles to mount to Heav'n,
To make his Scaling Ladders to the Skies,
With Piles of Slaughter their heap'd Hills supplies.

This furious Hunter, whose mad Thirst of Fame
With hundred hundred thousand streaming Veins,
So gorg'd, yet so unquench't th' insatiate Flame,
With no less Drought the burning Feavour reigns;
Has not so madly trod the Stage before,
But for one heighten'd Scene of Frenzy more,
Fond ev'n of Veins more doubtful than his own,
A Nurs'ry warm'd by *Lewis* Beams alone;
That young *Adoption* so sublimely bred,
So early from *His* Cradle Nurture fed,
From his great Founder's Model stamp't his own,
He sets this Pageant up for th' *Albion Throne*.

To Universal Empire to aspire,
Lewis long Golden Dream, we less admire:
But here we something more amazing view;
When the big Dreamer grasps at God-head too;
Vainly puff't up to that stupendious height,
To think his *Word* alone can stamp with Fate;
Such cheap-made Kings ev'n with a *Breath* create. }
This

*Angliaci Solij fundamina Gallica! — Solùm
Hanc operam aeriam Ludovicea Machina movit :
Cum Gallus prægnavis hoc Jupiter edidit ausum,
A divo cerebello heu nata minutula Pallas.
Tam grande Inceptum propria depingere plumà,
Adstitit hîc Lucina, immensa Audacia solùm :
Dormiit ad rapidum Prudentia parvula partum.
Non facile ascendit Regni Grassator ; opusque
Non leve posse rapi credat Diadema Britannum.*

*Sceptrorum huic fabro tentare per ardua tutè
Tantam tanta viam, (sit siqua Minervula tali
Consilio,) Galli Labor ille, Britannia, Primus
(Sit modò posse) foret tibi consopuisse Leones :
Non tantas armasse iras, ut conscia læsæ
Regna Potestatis surgant, & Gloria vindex
Fulminet in proprium contundere pulveris ortum
Effigiem hanc luteam Divorum ; fictile Numen.
Dum tamen Icariis rapitur Vesania pennis,
Sic monet errantem Prudentior Anglia Gallum.*

*“ Heu MAJESTATI non ille typographus ANGLÆ
“ Nec Regale Aurum Galli à fornace petendum.
“ GLORIA si fuerit DIVA excudenda Britannis,
“ Tu tua sola fabra es ; tua Mœnia & Arva tueris,
“ Ut quondam tenuit Paradisea Janua clavem :
“ Gloria lapsa tuos Ob nunquam possidet hortos.
“ Excludi æternum est. Tibi, firmior, Anglia, Porta
“ Glauditur Edensis : Flammantem conspice DEXTRIS
“ En tibi QUINGENTIS Propugnatricibus Ensem.*

*Sic Vox & Ratio vovet Anglica, & illa voventis
Iustitia eloquitur ; quæ non Cœlestia movit*

Pec-

This *French* Foundation of an *English* Throne,
 Such airy Castle-work, was all his own.
Gaul's teeming *Jove*, at this prodigious Birth,
 Brought but a very small *Minerva* forth.
 This vast Design, its Glory to confess,
 Had Daring infinite, but Thinking less:
 Starters to Empire not so easily rise:
Britain's gay Diadem's a tougher Prize.

Had the least Beam of a prudential Thought,
 Its ayding Light to this Conception brought,
 This Scepter-founder for so bold a push,
 Should wisely first have lull'd her *Lyons* hush;
 Not rowz'd an *English* Arm of Pow'r more just
 To Pound his new-made *Dagon* into Dust.
 Alas, this Tourer takes too wild a Flight:
 But wiser *Albion*, at this clearer Light,
 Resolves to set the Royal Wand'rer right.

“ No *British* M A J E S T Y of *Lewis* Print!
 “ No *English* Sterling from a *Gallick* Mint!
 “ Her Stamp of KINGS must be her own true Mould:
 “ Her Garden like the Blissful *Bow'rs* of old,
 “ *Exclusion* and *Faln Glory* ne'er must hold.
 “ *Britdin's* bar'd *Eden Gate* securelier stands:
 “ The Flaming Sword's in her FIVE HUNDRED
 Guardian Hands.

So spoke the SOUL of *Britain*, and so well
 She weigh'd the Pondrous Accents e'er they fell:
 P *Justice*

*Peſtora! Spectentur Decreta Britannica dextrâ
 Non ſolum ſignata ſuâ; Divum ecce ſigillum.
 Ad Partes en Aſtra vocata & Numen amicum.
 Eugè etenim memoranda Dies, ea, cum Jovis Ales,
 Auſtriaca, heu ſupplex, Aquila elanguentibus alis
 Tequetuum Martemq; exorans, Anglia, tantâ
 Tutelâ tantisq; redempta Ultoribus, undas
 Danubij vidit Gallorum ſtrage rubentes.
 Inde novas recipit plumas, Fulmenque tuorum
 Hinc reſtauratum victrice ex Ungue Leonum.
 Ex hoc trajecto Rubicone en alea jacta eſt.
 Imperijq; Salus & nunc verè Arbiter Orbis,
 Quæ caput invictis Europæum obtegis armis,
 Nil tibi tu timeas. Tantis quid Viribus obſtat!
 Velle tuum ſatis eſt; concedunt Numina poſſe,
 Numina quæ Terris ANNAMq; ANNÆq; dederunt
 MARLBORIUM; ſæclis ſic conſulvere beandis.*

*Imò ubi feſſus Atlas, NASSOVIUS exiit Orbem
 Suſcepturus onus Divinius; hunc dedit ANNÆ:
 Hunc Cura Imperij, necdum finita, Britannis
 Legavit. Moriente manû non excidit Enſis.
 Hæredem hoc divo ditavit munere. Vitæ
 Quid lapſus; Genio non illabente, reſceſſit.
 Jamq; opus exegit, ſic tranſmigrâſſe, WILELMI
 Gloria, ut in Terris Heros, poſt funera Vates,
 Inflatam ex humeris devolvit ab æthere Veſtem;
 Et nervus Elijah cognatis additur Aſtris.*

Justice and *Prudence* with those Beams Divine
Thro' her great Oracles of Reason shine,
Justice that ev'n with that Attraction draws
That Heav'n it self's a Party in this Cause.
Britannia, thy Decrees not only stand
Sign'd by thy own, but the Immortal Hand;
Witness the Day when th' *Albion Lyons* Led,
Beyond the far stretch't *Danube's* watry Bed
T' upraise the *Austrian Eagles* drooping Head:
Her native Thunder by thy Arm restord
And moulted Wings new plumed once more she soard.
That crimson'd *Rubicon* to Glory past;
At one bold Throw, the Lot of *Empire* cast,
Thou'st in one single Field of Laurels shewn.
She who shields Europe's Head, can Guard her own.
Thy Great Resolves thus fix'd for ever sure,
Thy own the Will, and Heav'n has lent the Pow'r:
Heav'n that to make our lasting Blessings flow
Has given the World an *ANNE*, and *ANNE* a
(*MARLBOROUGH*).
Yes, when tir'd *WILLIAM* from his Shoulders throwd,
For a more Heavenly Charge, his Earthly Load,
The gracious Monarch's last Expiring Breath
(*Britain* his darling Care ev'n beyond Death)
Did to great *ANNE* this Leading Chief bequeath.
His Dying Hand disdain'd to leave behind
A falling Sword, not lost it, but resign'd.
His transmigrated Genius thus supplied,
He liv'd the *Hero* and the *Prophet* died.
Up to the Skyes *Elijah* like withdrew,
And drop'd the Spirited Mantle as he flew.

F I N I S.

